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Künstler wird es sich mehr oder minder deutlich bewusst seyn. Fast jeder Mensch ist in geringen (*sic*) Grad schon Künstler. Er sieht in der That heraus und nicht herein. Er fühlt heraus und nicht herein. Der Hauptunterschied ist der: der Künstler hat den Keim des selbstbildenden Lebens in seinen Organen belebt u. s. w."

P. 527 (Vol. II₂): "Denken ist sprechen. Sprechen oder thun oder machen sind Eine, nur modificirte Operation. Gott sprach, es werde Licht, und es ward."

P. 645: "Wir wissen nur in so weit wir machen."

The similarity of these suggestions with the views made familiar to us in the luminous treatise of Croce² is apparent. Like that writer, too, Novalis draws the only logical conclusion of his assertions when he comes to speak of the appreciation of the work of art. He says (P. 80): "[Wer keine Gedichte machen kann, wird sie auch nur negativ beurtheilen. Zur ächten Kritik gehört die Fähigkeit das zu kritisirende Produkt selbst hervorzubringen. Der Geschmack allein beurtheilt nur negativ.]" This passage is in brackets, indicating that the editor found it crossed out in the manuscript. Perhaps Novalis felt that it was a rather extreme statement of the idea that the activity of the critic is the same in kind as that of the productive artist. The thought occurs again on page 179: "Man versteht Künstler, insofern man Künstler ist und wird." And again, applied in his peculiar fashion to religion, on page 645: "Wir können die Schöpfung als Sein (Gottes) Werck nur kennen lernen, insofern wir selbst Gott sind. Wir kennen sie nicht, inwiefern wir selbst Welt sind."

As a corollary to this proposition we find in Novalis, as in Croce, a very sane view of the genius. He insists over and over again on the qualities of reason, plan, economy in the poet. Here, as in the moral sphere, he demands that all mere instinctive activity be raised into conscious activity. "Die intuitive Darstellung beruht auf systematischen (*sic*) Denken und

Anschauen." (P. 212). The remarkable correspondence of his isolated sayings appears when we connect this sentence with a passage on page 532: "Jeder Tugend entspricht eine spezifische Unschuld. Unschuld ist moralischer Instinct. Tugend ist die Prosa, Unschuld die Poesie. . . . Die Tugend soll wieder verschwinden und Unschuld werden." Here he implies that "rohe Unschuld" should change to "gebildete Unschuld," the transition being made through Tugend or bewusste Unschuld. So in every activity of the human mind rude instinct shall pass into conscious activity, and this in turn into educated instinct. The first step of this change we find demanded on page 88 in these words: "Alles Unwillkührliche soll in ein Willkührliches verwandelt werden." And on page 324: "Es musz nichts Unwillkührliches, Regellooses in einer bestimmten Handlungsweise des menschlichen Geistes seyn—überall Kunst und Wissenschaft. . . . Kunst ist die vollkommene Anwendung einer Kenntniss." The second step results then naturally from practice. The final activity is that kind of consciousness which Croce describes as lacking "reflectiveness."

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MILTON'S *LYCIDAS* AND SPENSER'S *RUINES OF TIME*

In looking through the notes to some five or six editions of *Lycidas*, I did not find a single reference to Spenser's *Ruines of Time*. Allusions to Spenser there are indeed,—to several of the eclogues in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, to the *Tears of the Muses*, to *Astrophel*,¹ to *Prothalamion*, and to the *Faerie Queene*. In almost every case the reference is interesting rather than striking. It appears to me that if any poem of Spenser's is to be resorted

² *Aesthetic as Science of Expression and General Linguistic*, translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce by Douglas Ainslie. Macmillan and Co., 1909.

¹ There are allusions, also, to the non-Spenserian elegies in the *Astrophel* group.

to for annotations to *Lycidas* it should be the *Ruines of Time*.

It would appear that this poem has not generally received the recognition it richly merits. So far as I can recall, only one writer, Oliver Elton,² speaks of it in terms of great praise. It is not possible, however, to make this praise unqualified, for the *Ruines of Time* is far from being a masterpiece. In the *Ruines*, Spenser has not reached the high art, nor does he often attain it, that would enable him to shun the incongruous, the diffuse, and would limit him to the single mood and conception. Hence, the poem is a great deal of a medley. Now the poet introduces an emblematic figure in the manner of Du Bellay's *Songe*,³ then he bewails the 'ruins' of Verlame in close imitation of the same poet's *Antiquitez de Rome*,⁴ next he takes up his main theme, the elegiac strain of mourning for his loved Philisides. For a brief time he turns pastoralist, but he soon forgoes the oaten pipe, to discourse on Fame, on the vanity of temporal monuments, and on the sole earthly thing that is eternal,—poetic immortality. This falls in with his moralizing, earlier in the poem, on the perished grandeur of ancient cities. We have incidentally a necrology of the Dudleys, Sidney's noble family—a panegyric strain. Finally, come two series of visions made after the model of Du Bellay's *Songe* and his own *Visions of the Worlds Vanitie*, and, at the end, there is an Envoy, which is also a dedication. Here, certainly, is a rare mingling of many inventions of the Muses. But in more than one passage, notably in the lines on Fame and Poetic Immortality, and in the pastoral stanzas, Spenser attains a noble felicity of phrasing, and an earnestness, that warrant one in coupling the work with Milton's great elegy.

Despite the heterogeneous nature of the *Ruines of Time* it can be seen that the poem is, above all, an elegy. If we discard the completely non-elegiac parts of the poem, it may be said, I think, that in the development there is much, in a general way, to remind one of

Lycidas. Both poems are marked by a like interchange of moods,—now mournful, then argumentative and speculative, then the mood of the higher hope, and again the reversion to the sorrowing undertone, followed by the sad serenity at the end. This motivation, if I may so name it, while characteristic of all great elegies, has not, I believe, been noted of the *Ruines of Time*, or, at least, not in connection with *Lycidas*. I do not claim, of course, that the two show a *parallel* sequence of moods. In addition, both poets use the elegy as a vehicle for the expression of views that lay near to their hearts, and which were naturally, but not fundamentally, connected with their theme. What is more, the personal views of both are strikingly similar, though, of course, not identical. This fact is especially important because of the compression, the pithiness, that is so marked in the portions of *Lycidas* under discussion. Exception must be made of the lines spoken by St. Peter, but the passages that touch upon Fame and Poetry, for example, have a Browningsque terseness and obscurity, as witnessed by the detailed and wordy editorial attempts at clarification.

Owing to the similarity mentioned, the *Ruines of Time* serves, in its very diffuseness, as a notable commentary to more than one *locus* in the later elegy. There is no curtailment of phrase in Spenser's poem;—elaboration, and not concision, is its distinguishing feature.

I shall now give some of the passages in the *Ruines of Time* that have struck me in connection with *Lycidas*. Needless to say, I do not cite these in the nature of verbal parallels, or to prove that Milton must needs have consciously imitated them. Verbal parallels often cast doubt upon the very relationship they are meant to substantiate; whereas a reading of the two poems under consideration will, I think, show that to institute comparisons here is not altogether a profitless undertaking. I cite the following, then, as from one point of view an anticipatory and enlightening commentary by Spenser on several classic passages in *Lycidas*. From another standpoint, the excerpts may be found significant as helping to prove Milton's

² See his *Modern Studies (Literary Fame)*.

³ Englished by Spenser as the *Visions of Bellay*.

⁴ Englished by Spenser as the *Ruines of Rome*.

familiarity with, and possible indebtedness to, another poem of his favorite poet.

In lines 9 and 10 of *Lycidas*, we find the conventional elegiac repetition:

For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.

The device is used again in ll. 58-59, and 37-38:

But oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return.

Spenser resorts frequently to repetition:

"He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought."⁵

Another instance is in the *Envoy*:

"Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
His loss, by lacke of thee to heaven sent,
And with last duties of this broken verse
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable herse."⁶

Further on in his poem Milton asks,

Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme.⁷
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the need of some melodious tear.

Spenser expresses this thought:

"Yet will I sing; but who can better sing,⁸
Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance
That, whiles thou livedst, madest the forests ring,
And fields resound, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to heare:
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were!"

The last part of this stanza recalls Milton's

Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

The later poet speaks of himself after an invocation to the Muses:

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well⁹
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse—
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

Spenser sounds the personal note and makes his invocation somewhat differently:

"Yet whilest the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies:
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire."¹⁰

In the passage that follows Milton takes up the theme that Spenser treats with wearying thoroughness in his *Tears of the Muses*:

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?

Then come the noble lines on Fame and on the true meed of the poet. Nowhere is Milton's reticence, his packed thought, in greater evidence. Truly he had learned, almost too well, the virtue of "the purgation of superfluities."

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delight and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

⁵ ll. 211 and 218 ff.

⁶ ll. 676 ff; and cf. ll. 190 ff. These do not exhaust the occurrences in the *R. of T.* of what Putterham calls "*Anadiplosis, or the Redouble.*"

⁷ See Professor Trent's note to this line. Spenser's idea of poetic monuments is as near a reminder of 'lofty rhyme,' as anything mentioned by editors.

⁸ ll. 323 ff.

⁹ Cf. *Ruines of Time* (l. 394), "whom the Pierian sacred sisters love."

¹⁰ ll. 309 ff., and cf. ll. 225 ff.

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,¹¹
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears:
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed!"

Spenser's treatment of these themes is necessarily different. To begin with, his argument is 'ruins,'—the *Ruines of Time*, the *Worlds Ruines*, as he says in his dedication to the poem. Hence his transition is not from the 'sighted shepherd's trade,' to Fame and the final reward, but from the vanity of earthly monuments, of 'the glistening foil set off to the world,' to Fame and the final reward. The parallel development, which merits noting, at least, becomes clear.

Spenser is moved by doubts similar in their trend, to those that trouble his great successor:

"What booteth it to have been rich alive?
 What to be great? what to be gracious?
 When after death no token doth survive
 Of former being in this mortall hous,
 But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious."¹²

And again,

"But ah! what bootes it to see earthlie thing
 In glorie or in greatnes to excell,
 Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?"

And once more in ll. 50 ff.,

¹¹ 'Blind Fury' is, as noted by editors, probably borrowed from Spenser's *Ruines of Rome* (Sonnet xxiv), where the poet so translates Du Bellay's 'Si l'aveugle Fureur,' of the *Antiquitez de Rome*. Cf. Spenser's

"or one of those three fatall impes
 Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent."
 (*E. of Time*, ll. 17-18) and

"Yet whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath."
 (*idem*, l. 309) and again, l. 181, the closest reminder,
 "So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne."

¹² ll. 351 ff. This is the ever-recurrent theme of Du Bellay in his *Antiquitez* and in his *Songe*. It is, similarly, the keynote of the greater portion of Spenser's early poetry.

"Why then dooth flesh, a bubble glas of breath,
 Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
 And reare a trophee for devouring death
 With so great labour and long lasting paine,
 As if his daies for ever should remaine?"

In vaine doo earthly princes then, in vaine,
 Seeke with pyramides, to heaven aspired,
 Or huge colosses, built with costlie paine,
 Or brasen pillours, never to be fired,
 Or shrines, made of the mettall most desired,
 To make their memories for ever live."¹³

But from this discomfort springs the great faith:

"For deedes doe die, how ever noblie donne,
 And thoughts of men do as themselves decay,
 But wise words taught in numbers for to runne,
 Recorded by the Muses, live for ay,
 Ne may with storming showers be washt away;
 Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blast,
 Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast."¹⁴

Then, finally, Spenser voices the conviction that Milton has expressed in the same spirit, and in a manner not unlike:

"But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
 Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away" (ll. 421 ff.).

In connection with the allegoric figure of Camus it is perhaps not too fanciful to mention the lady emblematic of Verlame, in the *Ruines of Time*—"th' auncient genius of that citie brent" (l. 19).

¹³ ll. 407 ff. This passage is surely a fine commentary on Milton's

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies.

See in Professor Trent's edition of Milton's *Comus*, etc., the note, quoting Jerram.

¹⁴ ll. 400 ff. To the same effect is many another passage:

"Provide therefore (ye princes) whilst ye live,

That of the Muses ye may friended bee,

Which unto men eternitie do give;

For they be daughters of Dame Memorie

And Jove, the father of Eternitie,

And so those men in golden throne repose,

Whose merits they to glorifie do chose" (ll. 365 ff.).

And again (ll. 428 ff.).

After the bitter words of St. Peter, comes the gentle passage wherein the flowers are gathered

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.¹⁵

Then we have the transition,

For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise—

This makes one think of a similar transition in the *Ruines of Time* (ll. 159 ff.):

"Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
To be bemoaned with compassion kinde,
And mitigates the anguish of the minde."

Now we are ready for the last *motif* of *Lycidas*:

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,¹⁶
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the
waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,¹⁷
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,

¹⁵ Compare, in the *Envoy*,

"And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable herse."

I might add in regard to the flower-passage (which many editors find to resemble a stanza in Spenser's fourth Eclogue of the *Sh. Cal.*) that if the resemblance is admitted, Milton is indirectly indebted to Clément Marot (Eclogue *De Madame Loyse*, ll. 229 ff.) after whom Spenser had modeled the lines in question. The trick, however, is a constantly recurrent one in pastoral and elegiac poetry. See Herford's ed. of *Shep. Cal.*, note p. 121.

¹⁶ Cf. Marot, in his Eclogue, *De Madame Loyse* (1531):

"Non, taisez-vous, c'est assez deploré;
Elle est aux Champs Elysiens receue?" etc.

which Spenser imitates in his November eclogue, (Herford's note, p. 187—*Shep. Cal.*). Also the undersong, which changes from

"Chantez mes vers, chantez duel ordonné" (l. 93),
to

"Cesseez, mes vers, cesseez icy vos plainets." (l. 260.)

¹⁷ Cf. *Ruines of Time* (ll. 398 ff.):

"But with the gods, for former virtues meede,
On nectar and ambrosia do feed,"
and note ll. 195 ff. of the November eclogue.

In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

Let us see how Spenser handles, in a similar way, a slightly different conception:

"But now more happie thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elisian fields so free,
With Orpheus¹⁸ and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.
So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng
Of heavenlie poets and heroes strong" (ll. 330 ff.).

In closing, I wish to repeat that I have not drawn the comparisons in the belief that Spenser's poem is the source of the annotated passages in *Lycidas*. On this question, it is best to maintain a discreet silence. I am in hopes, however, that the citations from the *Ruines of Time* will be found interesting elaborations by Spenser on themes that the great elegist of a later day touched upon with brief and pithy, but immortal words.

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A RABBINICAL LEGEND IN THE CAVALLERO CIFAR

Professor C. Carroll Marden has called my attention to the following passage in a fourteenth century Spanish work of fiction, the *Historia del Cavallero Cifar*,¹ as containing a curious addition to the Biblical narrative of the deluge:

¹⁸ Orpheus is a favorite theme with both poets. Cf. Milton's passage on Orpheus (ll. 58 ff.) with

"for pitie of the sad wayment,
Which Orpheus for Euridyce did make" (*R. of Time*, ll. 380-1).

¹ Ed. Michelant, *Bibliothek des litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*, vol. cxii (Tübingen, 1872), p. 34. Obviously necessary corrections have been made in Michelant's text.